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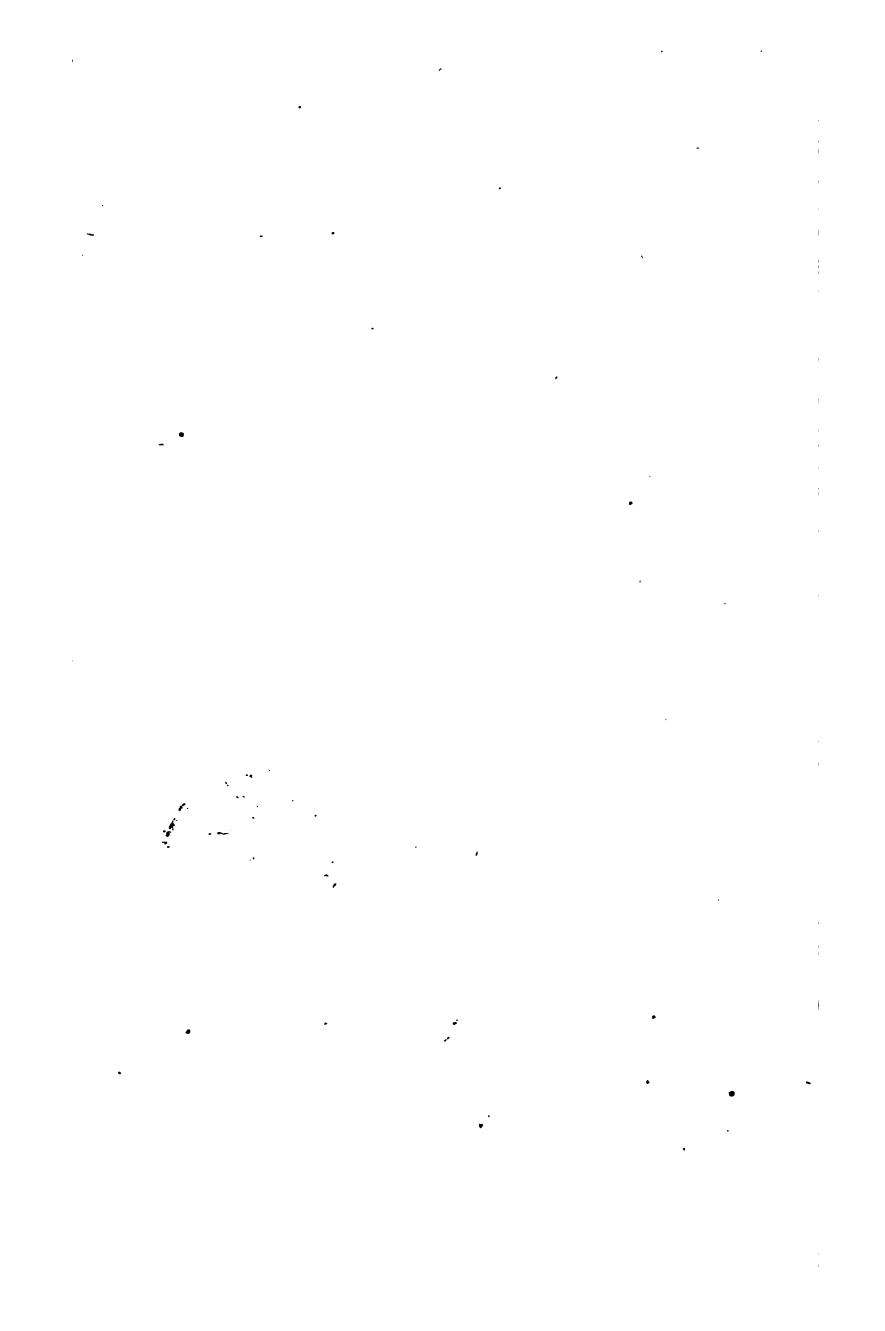




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Songs and Ballads.

BY

CHARLES SWAIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MIND," "DRAMATIC CHAPTERS,"
"ENGLISH MELODIES," ETC.



London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Paternoster Row.

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INSCRIBED TO

MRS. THEODORE MARTIN

(HELEN FAUCIT),

WITH THE HIGHEST

ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION.



Thou that flingest back the portal
Of the high and pure ideal ;
Priestess of a spell immortal,
Mingling fancy with the real :

Thou, whose lofty mind can tower
With illimitable power,
Still continue thy career,—
Teach us—charm us—year by year !
Still the inner light revealing,
With an artist's earnest feeling ;
Noble ever !—ever soaring,
With a spirit all adoring,
Towards that world of genius hidden,
Save to steps that heaven hath bidden !

All the Seasons seem to claim thee ;
Spring comes smiling but to name thee,
Saying how thou topp'st thy station,—
How thou dost adorn thy place
With inimitable grace ;—
With delicious modulation ;
Making language something more
Than it ever seemed before !

Picture—Sculpture—Music—all
That we POETRY may call !
With a pure interpretation,
Worth the whole world's approbation,
Giving spiritual sense
And a purer influence,
To the bard's immortal line !

* * * *

Where shall we thine equal see
In Expression's mastery ?
Perfect in all love's disguises,—
Blushing hopes and fond surprises,—
Darling glances,—sweet persuasions,—
Musical on all occasions !
Yet, when love inspires the theme,
Sweeter than an angel's dream !

In thy power o'er all illusion,
In thy delicate transfusion,
'Mid a myriad sweet gradations,
Of true Art—in Art's creations !
In that feminine address
Crowning Woman's loveliness :
In *all* things of Heart and Mind,
Where shall we thine equal find ?



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TO THE LARK.

WHEREFORE is thy song so gay ?
Wherefore is thy flight so free ?
Singing—soaring—day by day ;
Thou'rt a bird of low degree !
Tirral-la !

Scarcely sheltered from the mould,
We thy humble nest can see ;
Wherefore is thy song so bold ?
Little bird of low degree.
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Humbly though my dwelling lie,
Next-door neighbour to the earth ;
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,
Cannot soar like humble worth :
Tirral-la !

Shall I silently repine,
When these birds of loftier airs
Say no parent race of mine
Built a nest as high as theirs ?
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Give me but a summer morn,
Sweet with dew and golden light,
And the richest plumage born
Well may envy me my flight !
Tirral-la !

Through the azure halls of day,
Where the path of freedom lies,
Tirral-la ! is still my lay—
Onward, upward to the skies !
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

TRIPPING DOWN THE FIELD-PATH.

TRIPPING down the field-path,
Early in the morn,
There I met my own love,
'Midst the golden corn ;
Autumn winds were blowing,
As in frolic chase,
All her silken ringlets
Backward from her face,

Little time for speaking
Had she, for the wind,
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement
In her beauty shone ;
Every graceful movement
Won me—one by one !
As the breath of Venus
Seemed the breeze of morn,
Blowing thus between us,
'Midst the golden corn.
Little time for wooing
Had we, for the wind
Still kept on undoing
What we sought to bind !

Oh ! that autumn morning
In my heart it beams,
Love's last look adorning
With its dream of dreams !
Still like waters flowing
In the ocean shell—
Sounds of breezes blowing
In my spirit dwell !

Still I see the field-path ;—
Would that I could see
Her whose graceful beauty
Lost is now to me !

HOME AND FRIENDS.

O H, there's a *power* to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it ;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it !
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us ;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us !

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them ;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them !
For things *afar* still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us ;
But soon we're taught that earth had nought
Like Home and Friends around us !

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
That show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken :—
Though all were night : if but the light
Of *Friendship's* altar crowned us,
'T would prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us !

THE LAST MEETING.

SO mournfully she gazed on him
As if her heart would break ;
Her silence more upbraided him
Than all her tongue might speak !

So mournfully she gazed on him ;—
Yet answer made she none ;
But tears that could not be repressed,
Fell slowly, one by one.

"I hoped," she said,—but what she hoped
In blushes died away :
"I thought," she said,—but what she thought
Her tears might only say !

She could do nought but gaze on him,
For answer she had none ;
But tears that could not be repressed
Fell slowly, one by one.

Alas ! that life should be so short—
So short, and yet so sad :
Alas ! that we so late are taught
To prize the time we had !

The silent sorrow of that hour
Will haunt his daily track ;
And oft he'll wish, when lost the power,
He'd called that weeper back.

SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away and sigh,—
Smile and never heed me !
If our love, indeed, be such,
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much,—
Smile and never heed me !

Where's the use that *they* should know
If one's heart beat fast or slow?—
Deepest love avoideth show,—
 Smile and never heed me.
Let our hearts, like stars of night,
Shunning day's intrusive light,
Live but for each other's sight,—
 Smile and never heed me.

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide,—
 Smile and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet,—
 Then—thou then—may'st heed me!

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save
 playing;
 And so she smiles—and waves him an Adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm :
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire light, flick'ring faint and low ;
By which a grey-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go :
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark ; and he returns no more.

LOVE'S TRIALS.

I CANNOT mind my wheel, mother,
I cannot mind my wheel ;
You know not what my heart must know,
You feel not what I feel :
My thread is idly cast, mother,
My thought is o'er the sea ;
My hopes are falling fast, mother,
Yet feel you not for me !

I had a dreadful dream, mother,
'T was of a ship at sea ;
I saw a form amidst the storm—
I heard him call on me.
I heard him call on me, mother,
As plain as now I speak ;
I thought my brain would burst, mother,
I thought my heart would break.

For *me* he perils life, mother,
The weary ocean wide ;
And yet a word from you, mother,
Had kept him by my side :
My wheel had gaily sped, mother,
My thoughts at home smiled free ;
But now my smiles have fled, mother,
My heart is o'er the sea !

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BE kind to each other !
The night's coming on !
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned

The blest recollection
Of kindness—*returned*!—
When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps !

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love !—
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing ;
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling !—
Oh, be kind to each other !—
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

I WAITED TILL THE TWILIGHT.

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come ;
I strayed along the brook side,
And slowly wandered home ;

When who should come behind me,
But him I would have chid ;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did ?

He said, since last we parted,
He'd thought of nought as sweet,
As of this very moment—
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid ;
He said for me he made it—
Do you really think he did ?

He said when first he saw me
Life seemed at once divine ;
Each night he dreamt of angels,
And every face was mine :
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid ;
And then he wakened, weeping—
Do you really think he did ?

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

THE starry silence falls
Along my sylvan way,
A spirit walks the earth,
We never meet by day ;
And list'ning to the voice
Of years that are no more ;
My feet—Oh ! know'st thou why ?
Have wandered to thy door.

The quiet taper burns
And makes thy casement bright,
And soft thy shadow falls
Between me and the light ;
I gaze as on a shrine
My heart would bend before ;
My couch had seen no rest,
Had I not seen thy door.

The Night, as if to breathe,
Her starry curtain parts ;
The very air seems faint
With breath of lovers' hearts :

Some spirit robes the earth
In light that heaven wore ;
Or is that light thine own ?—
And is that heaven thy door ?

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

I.

LET us love one another,—not long may we stay ;
In this bleak world of mourning some droop
while 't is day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve :
Oh ! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one
to grieve ;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget !
Then, ah ! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

II.

There are hearts, like the Ivy, though *all* be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead :

But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart ;
Exists but to twine it,—imbibe the same dew,—
Or to fall with its loved oak, and perish there too.

III.

Thus, let's love one another, 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we loved at the first ;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and
forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot
buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away ;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

O H! the old, old clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest ;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered ;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered !

Tick, tick, it said,—quick, quick, to bed,
For ten I've given warning ;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling ;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked grey o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly ;
Tick, tick, it said,—quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning ;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning.

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never ;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever.
Its heart beats on,—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger ;
Its hands still move,—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer !
Tick, tick, it said,—to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning,—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning !

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

OH! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
Though only for a day,
I'd try to find a link to bind
The joys that pass away!
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon the earth again,
And build True Worth a throne on earth,
A throne beloved by men!
It should be May, and always May,—
I'd wreath the world with flowers;
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours!

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate,
Increase the widow's store;
And Industry should wear a smile
It never wore before!
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd speed my magic way;
And none should be in poverty,
Nor *fear* the coming day!
It should be May,—and always May,—
I'd wreath the world with flowers;
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours!

IMAGINARY EVILS.

LET to-morrow take care of to-morrow,—
Leave things of the future to fate ;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow ?—
Life's troubles come never too late !
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'T is one that the wise have preferred ;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee,—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred ;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow :
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,—
Still shorter by folly and fear !

Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.

MORNING.

O'ER the bending rushes,
O'er the waving corn,
Where the fountain gushes,
Speed the wings of Morn ;
Like a bird in fleetness,
Singing on her way—
Fold me in thy sweetness,
Angel light of day !

Flow'rets without number,
As thy footsteps pass,
Lift their heads from slumber
Out the dewy grass.
Down the lowly meadow,
Up the rising ground,
Waves of light and shadow
Chase each other round.

From the wild bee's humming,
From the choral throng,
Know we thou art coming,
Bringing life and song :
Oh ! thou golden Morning,
Brightest boon of earth ;
Mead and mount adorning,
Blessed be thy birth !

KEEP THE HEART LIGHT AS YOU CAN.

WE have always enough to bear,—
We have always a something to do,—
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through !
But what though Adversity test
The courage and vigour of man ?—
They get through misfortune the best
Who keep the heart light as they can !
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do ;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through !

26 *Keep the Heart Light as you can.*

If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone ;
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
Two loads are less easy than one !
To sit in disconsolate mood
Is a poor and a profitless plan ;
The *true* heart is never subdued,
If we keep it as light as we can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do ;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through.

There's nothing that sorrow can yield,
Excepting a harvest of pain ;
Far better to seek fortune's field,
And till it and plough it again !
The weight that *Exertion* can move,
The gloom that *Decision* may span,
The manhood within us but prove !—
Then keep the heart light as you can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do ;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through !

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

AS the sun now glows on earth,
Ages have beheld it glow ;
As the flowers now spring to birth,
Sprang they thousand years ago :
So each day must pass away,—
Bringing smiles or bearing sorrow ;
As the world was yesterday,
So 't will be to-morrow, love,
So 't will be to-morrow.

Wherefore should we own our pain,
Since the pain, like all things, goeth ?
Where's the wisdom to complain,
Since our feeling no one knoweth ?
Hearts may bloom, yet show no flowers,
Eyes may mourn, yet hide their sorrow ;
As the world went yesterday,
So 't will go to-morrow, love,
So 't will go to-morrow.

Life is like the wind that blows,
When the clouds of morn are breaking ;
Life is like the stream that flows,—
Something leaving,—something taking !

Better cherish what we may,
Than recall the past, with sorrow ;
As the world rolled yesterday, . . .
So 't will roll to-morrow, love,
So 't will roll to-morrow.

GIVE ME THE PEOPLE.

SOME love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it ;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling ?
Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it ;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it !

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest ;
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark ;
May yield us fruit, and bloom the rarest !

There's worth as sure 'neath garments poor,
As e'er adorned a loftier station ;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation !
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it ;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it !

WHERE DWELLS THE FAIRY QUEEN?

WHERE dwells the Fairy Queen ?
Where is her bower ?
In the fold of the leaf—
In the cup of the flower :
Shake not the violet,
There may she rest ;
Break not a dew-drop,
'T will drown her sweet breast.

What seeks the Fairy Queen ?
Ever to move
Girdled by beauty ;
Encircled by love !
To whisper to childhood
When sorrow is nigh :
When the heart hath its tear—
And the lip hath its sigh !

Star of the fairy-land,
Once came thy beam,
Bringing such visions
As angels might dream !
Soon the world's shadows
Their loveliness crossed ;
Man never findeth
What Childhood hath lost !

PASSING THY DOOR.

O H ! 't was the world to me,
Life too, and more ;—
Catching a glance of thee
Passing thy door.
Faint as an autumn leaf
Trembling to part ;
So, in that moment brief,
Trembled my heart !

Nothing I saw but thee,
Nothing could find ;—
Vision had fled from me,
Lingering behind !

How I had passed along,
How found my way,
Sightless amidst the throng—
Love could but say !

How I had moved my feet
I never knew ;
I had seen nothing, sweet,
Since I'd seen you !
Oh ! 't was the world to me,
Life too, and more—
Catching a glance of thee,
Passing thy door.

SONG AND SUMMER.

WHILST the golden hand of Morn
Scatters roses o'er the sky,
And the south wind, newly born,
Wanders full of odour by,—
Sing,—for summer speedeth fast !
Sing,—and every pleasure share !
Soon, alas, the wintry blast,
Strips the woodland bare,
Sweet bird,
Strips the woodland bare !

Sing, and make the Morn thy friend,
 Circle round each happy tree,
 Where thy brother mates attend,
 Full of joyous liberty !
 Speed thy wing from spray to spray,
 Teach the world thy merry song ;
 Swiftly summer glides away,
 Pleasure lasts not long,
 Sweet bird,
 Pleasure lasts not long !

HO ! BREAKERS ON THE WEATHER BOW.

HO ! breakers on the weather bow,
 And hissing white the sea ;
 Go, loose the topsail, mariner,
 And set the helm a-lee :
 And set the helm a-lee, my boys,
 And shift her while ye may ;
 Or not a living soul on board
 Will view the light of day.

Aloft the seaman daringly
 Shook out the rattling sail ;
 The danger fled—she leapt a-head
 Like wild stag through the gale :

Like wild stag through the gale, my boys,
All panting as in fear,
And trembling as her spirit knew
Destruction in the rear !

Now slacken speed—take weary heed—
All hands haul home the sheet ;
To Him who saves, amidst the waves,
Let each their prayer repeat :
Let each their prayer repeat, my boys,
For but a moment's gain
Lay 'tween our breath and instant death
Within that howling main.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

O H! merry goes the time when the heart is young,
There is nought too high to climb when the
heart is young ;
A spirit of delight
Scatters roses in her flight,
And there's magic in the night when the heart is young.

But weary go the feet when the heart is old,
Time cometh not so sweet when the heart is old ;
 From all that smiled and shone,
 There is something lost and gone,
And our friends are few—or none—when the heart is
 old.

Oh ! sparkling are the skies when the heart is young,
There is bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young ;
 The golden break of day
 Brings gladness in its ray,
And every month is May when the heart is young.

But the sun is setting fast when the heart is old,
And the sky is overcast when the heart is old ;
 Life's worn and weary bark
 Lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left Hope's ark when the heart is
 old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, though the heart be old,
Whispers comfort in our ear, though the heart be old,
 Saying, " Age, from out the tomb,
 Shall immortal youth assume,
And Spring eternal bloom, where no heart is old !"

PROCRASTINATION.

A LAS ! how neglectful,
Unfeeling we tread !
How careless, forgetful,
Of benefits fled !
When the hopes we have tasted
Are lost, we deplore,
And sigh for time wasted
We ne'er may see more !
Resolving—repenting—
Still day after day,
Whilst angels lamenting
Drop tears on our way.

Could man read Time's pages,
Record every scene !
He'd find, through Life's stages,
How oft he had been
Too full of inventions
To satisfy thought—
Too rife with intentions
That dwindled to nought !
Still taxing to-morrow,
Still wasting to-day—
Whilst angels in sorrow
Dropped tears on his way.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

RAINY and rough sets the day,—
There's a heart beating for somebody ;
I must be up and away,—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice hath she been to the gate,—
Thrice hath she listened for somebody ;
'Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There 'll be a comforting fire,—
There 'll be a welcome for somebody ;
One, in her neatest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the star's fled from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,—
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There 'll be a coat o'er the chair,
There will be slippers for somebody ;
There 'll be a wife's tender care,—
Love's fond embracement for somebody.
There'll be the little one's charms,—
Soon 't will be wakened for somebody :
When I have both in my arms,
Oh ! but how blest will be somebody !

THE ORPHAN BOY.

THE room is old,—the night is cold,—
But night is dearer far than day ;
For then, in dreams, to *him* it seems,
That she's returned who's gone away !
His tears are past,—he clasps her fast,—
Again she holds him on her knee ;
And,—in his sleep,—he murmurs deep,
“ Oh ! Mother, go no more from me ! ”

But morning breaks, the child awakes,—
The Dreamer's happy dream hath fled ;
The fields look sear, and cold, and drear,—
Like orphans, mourning Summer dead !—
The wild birds spring, on shivering wing,
Or, cheerless, chirp from tree to tree ;
And still he cries, with weeping eyes,
“ Oh ! Mother dear, come back to me ! ”

Can no one tell where angels dwell ?—
He's called them oft till day grew dim ;
If they were near,—and they could hear,—
He thinks they'd bring her back to him !—
“ Oh ! angels sweet, conduct my feet,”
He cries, “ where'er her home may be ;
Oh ! lead me on to where she's gone,
Or bring my Mother back to me !

OH ! WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE !

OH ! what a world it might be,
 If hearts were always kind ;
 If, Friendship, *none* would slight thee,
 And Fortune prove less blind !
 With Love's own voice to guide us—
 Unchangingly and fond—
 With all we wish beside us,
 And not a care beyond ;
 Oh ! what a world it might be ;
 More blest than that of yore ;
 Come, learn, and 't will requite ye,
To love each other more.

Oh ! what a world of beauty
 A loving heart might plan—
 If man but did his duty,
 And helped his brother man !
 Then angel-guests would brighten
 The threshold with their wings,
 And Love divine enlighten
 The old, forgotten springs.
 Oh ! what a world of beauty
 A loving heart might plan—
 If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man !

DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

IT needs not great wealth a kind heart to display,—
If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way ;
And the poorest one yet in the humblest abode
May help a poor brother a step on his road.
Oh ! whatever the fortune a man may have won,
A kindness depends on the way it is done ;
And though poor be our purse, and though narrow
our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The bright bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile ;
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er the tomb !
Then if we enjoy life, why, the next thing to do,
Is to see that another enjoys his life too ;
And though poor be our purse, and though narrow
our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.



'T WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

'T WAS on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did peal,
A note came through my window
With "Cupid" on its seal;
And soon I heard a whisper,
As soft as seraphs sing :—
'T was on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy,
My heart had caught its gloom ;
But now a sudden sunlight
Filled all my little room :
I kissed the note,—'t was guarded
With riband, flower, and string :—
'T was on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

Oh ! good was he, and handsome
As any in the land,
That vowed to me his true heart—
His heart, and faithful hand !
I hurried through the garden,
And back the gate did swing :—
'T was on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turned the field-path,
And on its turf did rest,
When in his arms he caught me,
And strained me to his breast :
A tear was on his fond cheek,
Sweet tears that love can bring :—
'T was on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

TO THE SEA-NYMPH.

WHERE thy gold-grotto stands
By the rose-flowing fountain,
Where the sea-nymphs link hands,
Near the wild coral mountain :
Under foam, under curl,
Where the billow rolls widest ;
Under shell, under pearl,
From the cave where thou hidest ;
Oh ! come to me, come !
I am loveless and lonely ;
My life hath no home,
Save in thy bosom only !

When the tide murmurs sweet,
While the mermaids are dancing,
When the sand 'neath their feet,
Like a silver floor 's glancing ;
Under moss, under spray,
Where the billow rolls clearest,
Away, come away,
Ever loved, ever dearest !
Oh ! come to me, come !
I am weary and lonely ;
My life hath no home,
Save in thy bosom only !

THE SEA-NYPH'S REPLY.

FAR from this world of clay
Far from its toil away,
Come, to the sea-nymph, come !
Under the golden sea,
There let us frolic free,
There let us sport and sing,
Down by the coral spring,
Merrily—merrily—
Flinging the silver shells,
Ringing the crystal bells,
Merrily—merrily.

Far from earth's weeping bowers,
Come to this home of ours,
Come to the sea-nymph, come !
Music shall soothe thy rest,
Swelling from ocean's breast,
Sweeter than e'er was heard
From lip or singing bird,
Heavenly—heavenly !
Dying in waves away,
Soft, as when angels pray,
Heavenly—heavenly !

THERE'S AN HOUR.

THERE'S an hour when lutes are breathing
Sounds that only love may share ;
When the rose of life is wreathing
All its sweetness on the air :
There's an hour when music falters
On the lute's complaining strings ;
When the flower of feeling alters,
And the beautiful takes wing.

There's an hour when stars are glancing
Through the clouds that meet our sight,
When the barque of Hope comes dancing
O'er the purple waves of night :

There's an hour to sorrow given—
Swift it comes—too swiftly on :
When the stars have passed from heaven
And the barque of Hope is gone !

DISTRESS.

OH ! *Distress* is a ship in which many must sail,
But, Providence with us, we'll weather the gale';
If breakers a-head set our safety in doubt,
We'll starboard the helm—put the vessel about :
Whilst a rag of her canvas the tempest can dare,
We'll baffle misfortune, and scorn to despair :
Still true to our colours, we'll never turn soft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.

The fair-weather sailor in luxury lies,
Not a scowl on the wave, not a cloud on the skies !
But helpless he'll prove when his fortune is checked,
In the very first storm of adversity wrecked :
Whilst we, bred to danger, still danger can meet ;
Still weather distress, and misfortune defeat ;
No matter how trying, no matter how oft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

OH ! the stars which glow not
Save in fancy's heaven !
Oh ! the flowers which grow not—
But in *dream-land* given !
Oh ! the bliss untasted
In this world of sorrow—
Years in visions wasted !
Hopes which have no morrow !

Though the spell be broken,
Yet the spirit straineth ;
Something still unspoken
In the heart remaineth :
Glimpses from above,
Impulses ye know not,
In our inner love
Hide themselves, and show not.

Oh ! the overflowing
Visions, and their sweetness,
Coming thus, and going
With unheeded fleetness !
Oh ! the unrecorded
Music, that is songless ;
Sympathies unworded !
Feelings that are tongueless !

IN MY FAIRY GARDEN.

IN my fairy garden
There are trees of gold,
On whose sparkling branches
Opal buds unfold ;
Flowers of pearl and ruby
Meet the wond'ring sight ;
Sands, beneath my footsteps
Gleam like stars of night !
Who would be a mortal ?
Toiling but to gain
What at best is little—
And that little—vain.

In my fairy grotto,
Perched on emerald stems,
Soft as polar rainbows—
Bright as living gems—
I have birds, whose music,
Sweet as Eden's own,
Floats around the garden
To my crystal throne !
Who would be a mortal ?
Living but to find
Few the true in friendship—
And those few—unkind !

In my fairy palace
I've a thousand slaves,
Who attend my summons,
If my hand but waves :
Silks of silver tissue
Bring they to my side ;
Whilst I lean, 'mid odours,
Like an eastern bride !
Who would be a mortal ?
Living but to know
That with all his knowledge,
Knowledge is but woe !

THE BUCCANEER'S SONG.

I.

I LOVE the Night, when the gale sweeps high,
And the summer-calms are o'er ;
When the ship, like an Ocean-steed, leaps by
Where the midland breakers roar !
I love the Night, and the startling light
Of the Spirit of the Storm ;
And better the blast, and the rocking mast,
Than the sunset mild and warm !

II.

No love have I for the starry eve—
No joy on the breezeless main—
But I long to hear the tempest grieve,
And list the thunder-strain !
Let the gondola glide o'er the moonlit tide,
And the mandolin wake its song ;
I love the bark, when the seas are dark,
And the midnight wild and long !

III.

I turn away from the lover's lay—
'T is weariness to hear
The lisping note, and the warbling throat,
Of the sighing Cavalier !
Oh ! the Ocean-shout, when the Storm is out,
Is a nobler strain to me ;
Here would I sleep, where the billows leap,
On the bold, unconquered Sea !



LOVE'S HISTORY.

BY sylvan waves that westward flow,
A harebell bent its beauty low,
With slender waist and modest brow,
Amidst the shades descending—
A star looked from the paler sky,
The harebell gazed, and with a sigh
Forgot that love may look too high,
And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,
A maiden leaned and listened long ;
It was the hour of love and song,
And early night-birds calling :
A barque across the river drew ;—
The rose was glowing through and through
The maiden's cheek of trembling hue,
Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower,
Her heart expanded to the hour ;
She recked not of her lowly dower
Amidst the shades descending :
With love thus fixed upon a height
That seemed so beauteous to the sight,
How could she think of wrong and blight,
And sorrow without ending ?

The harebell drooped beneath the dew,
And closed its eye of tender blue ;
No sun could e'er its life renew,
Nor star, in music calling :
The autumn leaves were early shed,
But earlier on her cottage bed
The maiden's loving heart lay dead,
Amidst the twilight falling !

A FOOT UPON THE STEP.

A FOOT upon the step,
And a hand upon the door,
But I needed courage yet
To adventure any more !
The clouds were rolling fleet,
And the wind was blowing south :
'T was the very hour to meet,—
But my heart was in my mouth !

What power, sweet LOVE, is thine,
That thus the heart can take,—
That, like a trembling reed,
Can make a strong man shake ?

I pushed the door ajar,
And gently called her name ;
And, like an angel star,
Her gentle presence came !

She blamed me,—yet her blame
A smile did often show ;
She said she must be gone,—
Yet she moved no step to go !
She said she loved me well,
And,—after years had flown,—
We might have,—who could tell ?—
A cottage of our own !

So I must toil away,
My honest heart to prove ;
But labour seemeth play
When we work for those we love !
And sometime I may smile,
When I think of days of yore,
When my heart was in my mouth,
As I listened at the door !



THE HUNTING MORN.

UP! up! it is the hunting morn,
The woodland rings with mirth,
The flowers in dew and light are born,
And merry wakes the earth !
The deer are trooping down the glen
To drink the waters clear.
Up! up! again, my greenwood men !
To-day we hunt the deer.

The stag leaps by—away we fly—
No coward rein hangs back ;
The baying hounds in chorus high
Close follow on the track ;
Whilst Echo, hid from human ken,
Awakes each hollow near—
With “ Up again, my greenwood men !
To-day we hunt the deer.”

The tar may boast his wingéd ship,
That sports 'mid wave and breeze ;
My flag and ship are horse and whip,
And spreading plains my seas !
Can tars say when, from Ocean's den,
Such jovial strains they hear,
As—“ Up again, my greenwood men !
To-day we hunt the deer.”

THE MEADOW GATE.

THE bluebell peeps beneath the fern,
The moor its purple blossom yields,
'T is worth full six days' work to earn
A ramble 'mid the woods and fields :
There is an hour to silence dear,
An hour for which a king might wait ;
It is to meet when no one's near,
My Mary by the meadow gate.

When love inspires the linnet's breast,
How swift he speeds from spray to spray ;
His song is of his woodland nest,
Far hidden from the peep of day.
Would such a nest were my sweet lot,
Would I might be some dear one's mate ;
I'd ask, to share my lowly cot,
My Mary by the meadow gate.

There is a tide the streamlet seeks,
A full mile from its course it veers,
And into silvery music breaks,
When from the vale the sea appears.
Oh ! twenty miles my eager feet
Would wander long and linger late,
One happy moment but to meet
My Mary by the meadow gate.

A WORD OF THINE.

A WORD of thine—how hath it dwelt
Like music in my heart ;
A look—how oft my soul hath knelt
And worshipped it, apart :
My spirit like a mirror seems,
That still, where'er I be,
In happy thoughts, or happier dreams,
Reflects but only thee,
My love,
Reflects but only thee !

I marvel what my life had been
If thee I ne'er had known ?
Thy form, thy beauty, never seen ;
Nor heard thy lips' dear tone :
It seems as if my heart were born
Thy shrine alone to be ;
For every pulse from eve to morn
Still beats for only thee,
My love,
Still beats for only thee.

THE OLD EVENINGS.

I WANDERED by the old house,
But others now live there,
I thought about the old times,
And all we used to share.
How happy 't was our wont to meet,
When friends came frank and free ;
Ah, when shall we such faces greet
As once we used to see
In those old merry evenings—
Those pleasant, friendly evenings,
Beneath the old roof tree !

But what though we'd the old house,
We still should lack old cheer ;
The old friends in the old house
Were all that made it dear !
And these are fled, or changed, or dead,
And never more may we
Revive the music of their tread—
The joys that used to be
In those old friendly evenings,
Those long-departed evenings,
Beneath the old roof tree !

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

MY love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine ;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine :
Nor yet like rose-buds parted,
Her lips of love may be ;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow ;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below :
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see ;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace, that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer !

I would not change *her* sweetness
For pearls of any sea ;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me.

NEAR THEE.

I WOULD be with thee—near thee, ever near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And thou to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it *knows*, yet would not have thee know.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound ;
Mirrored within thee as within a river :
A flower upon thy breast and thou the ground !
That, when I died and unto earth returned,
Our natures never more might parted be ;
Within thy being all my own inurned—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee !

A S K E T C H .

A MAIDEN in the moonlight
Was sitting all alone ;
The shadow of the rose-trees
Across the green bank thrown :
And, graceful as a lover,
The quiet moon had placed
A beam, just like a fond arm,
Around her beauteous waist.

Sometimes with silver finger
It touched her raven hair ;
Sometimes it sought her bosom,
As if its heaven were there :
Or glanced from cheek to forehead,
Or mouth and chin caressed ;
Or silent sank beside her,
And kissed the ground she pressed.

Some wish they were a fairy,
But no such wish have I ;
I'd rather be the moonbeam
My heart's-beloved one nigh !

To chase away the darkness,
To dwell within her sight,
And, *whilst I lived, to make the world*
To her a world of light !

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I.

FORGIVE and Forget ! why the world would be
lonely,

The garden a wilderness left to deform ;
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm !
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way ;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day !

II.

Forgive and Forget ! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live ;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive !
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met :
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget.

A PALE, PALE CHEEK.

A PALE, pale cheek my love but shows,
But when affection warms its hue,
Or when with friendship's light it glows,
A sweeter cheek Love never knew :
A faint, low voice, my love but owns—
A voice that trembles, like a tear ;
But when 't is tuned to pity's tones,
'T is angel soft—'t is heavenly dear !

Like stars that o'er the azure pause
Ere stepping on the path of night,
Her eyes look down, till Friendship's cause
Uplifts them with a beaming light ;
So beauty from affection springs,
So goodness lends an added grace,
There is no bloom that nature brings
Can more adorn a woman's face.



HEATH THE WORLD.

HATH the world so much perfection,
Find ye friends as soon as sought,
That ye cast away affection
As it were a thing of nought ?
Is the world so full of kindness,
Hath it so much love to spare,
That ye still, with more than blindness,
Lose your friends without a care ?

Wiser in one faith abiding,
Trusting still, whate'er befall,
Better to be too confiding,
Than confide in none at all !
Better that the heart should sorrow
Over friendship to the end,
Than that we should live a morrow,
E'en an hour, without a friend !



THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

I LOVE the lilies of the field
Whose grace adorns my way,
For they remind me of a form
More beautiful than they !
I love the wild rose, bending meek,
At summer evening's close ;
But there is yet a fonder cheek,
Where blooms a richer rose !

I love the hour when shadows sleep,
When twilight walks the dew,
But, oh ! there is an eye more deep ;
Yet soft as twilight's too :
I love to watch Night's starry brow,
Above the darkness shine,
'T is heavenly sweet, as one I know,
Whose love makes life divine !



TIME TO ME.

TIME to me this truth hath taught,
'T is a truth that's worth revealing ;—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's *a time* we should convey it ;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a tone in which to say it !

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much ;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch !
So, in many a lovely breast,
Lies some canker-grief concealed ;
That if touched, is more oppressed !
Left unto itself—is healed !

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent, wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Hath been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness !
Time to me this truth hath taught,
'T is a truth that 's worth revealing ;—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

THE NIGHT HATH GONE.

THE night hath gone at last, mother,
The long, long night of pain ;
But life is ebbing fast, mother,
And all your care is vain.
Methought I heard *his* footstep
Beyond the gate below ;
Slow pacing through the midnight—
And stepping to and fro.

I see 't is not believed, mother,
My words no faith impart ;
My ear might be deceived, mother,
But not my heart—my heart !

And hark, 't is there again, mother—
Again, and yet more nigh ;
Oh ! let me see his face, mother,
Once more before I die.

He opens not the door, mother,
The latch it is not there ;—
Go, call him to step softly,
He's waiting on the stair :—
He's waiting—weeping—hark ! mother,
What is it he doth say ?
She gazed—and thus in gazing . . .
Her sweet life passed away !

MAIDEN WORTH

HER home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small ;
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.
A little taste, a little care,
Made humble things appear
As though they were translated there
From some superior sphere !

Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

As sweet the home, so sweet the Maid,
As graceful and as good ;
She seemed a lily in the shade,
A violet in the bud !
She had no wealth, but maiden *worth*—
A wealth that 's little *fame* ;
Yet that 's the truest gold of earth—
The other 's but a name !
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

A cheerfulness of soul, that threw
A smile o'er every task,
A willingness, that ever flew
To serve, ere one could ask !
A something we could wish *our own* ;
A human floweret, born
To grace in its degree a throne,
Or any rank adorn !
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall !

UNKINDNESS.

OH ! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see ;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me !
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim ;
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same ?
Oh ! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see ;
Nor think, nor care, for others more
Than they may care for me !

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chilled affection knows—
Which hearts, forsaken, learn !
What solace can the world impart
When love's reliance ends ?
Oh ! there 's no winter for the heart
Like that *unkindness* sends !
Oh ! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see ;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me !

WHEN LIFE HATH SORROW FOUND.

WHEN life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

No, though in grief we part,
Meet in dejection,
Tears but expand the heart,
Ripen affection.

When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

When o'er a distant sea,
When griefs are nearest,
Still will I think of thee,
Still love thee, dearest.
Tired Hope may, like the rose,
Fade 'neath time's fleetness,
Yet yield each blast that blows
Half its own sweetness.

When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

LIGHT OF HEART.

LIGHT of heart am I,
Nothing more shall grieve me ;
Wherefore should I sigh ?
Sighing can't relieve me !
When the blight is shed
Tears cannot efface it ;
When the bloom hath fled
Weeping can't replace it !
Light of heart am I,
Nothing more shall grieve me ;
Wherefore should I sigh ?
Sighing can't relieve me !

Wherefore feel for those
Who feel not for others !—
Hearts that will be foes—
When they should be brothers !
Those we loved—are gone ;
Who love us—we find not :
Let the world frown on
As it will—we mind not :
Light of heart am I,
Nothing more shall grieve me ;
Wherefore should I sigh ?
Sighing can't relieve me !

BEAUTY IS DEAD.

SNOW-STORMY Winter rides
Wild on the blast,
Hoarsely the sullen tides
Shoreward are cast ;
Morn meets no more the lark
Warbling o'erhead ;
Nature mourns, dumb and dark—
Beauty is dead !

Sear on the willow-bank
Fades the last leaf ;
Flower-heads that early sank
Bowed as with grief ;
Autumn's rich gifts of bloom,
All, all are fled ;
Winter brings shroud and tomb—
Mary is dead.

Sweeter than summer bird
Sang from her bough ;
Music, the sweetest heard,
Silent is now ;
Pale lies that cheek of woe
On its last bed ;
Winter—too well I know—
Beauty is dead !

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

NEVER rail at the world—it is just as we make it,
We see not the flower if we set not the seed ;
And as for ill-luck, why it 's just as we take it,—
The heart that's in earnest, no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast
And say that the search for true friendship is vain ;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim ;
For often poor Friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame :
Then ne'er by the changes of fate be deprest,
Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain :
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.



THE BETROTHED.

HAD I met thee in thy beauty
When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee ;
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh ! how blest had been my fate ;
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have found thee—but too late !

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale ;
Hands our cruel sires united,
Hearts were deemed of slight avail !
Thus my youth's bright morn o'ershaded,
Thus betrothed to wealth and state ;
All Love's own sweet prospects faded—
I have found thee—but too late !

Like the fawn that finds the fountain
With the arrow in his breast ;
Or like light upon the mountain
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thou hast known me—but forget me !
For I feel what ills await :—
Oh ! 't is madness to have met thee—
To have found thee—but too late !

MORTALITY.

THE house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow ;
And in and out and round about
The bitter night-winds blow :
The bitter night-winds howl and blow—
And darkness thickens deep,—
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep !

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay—
The day could never prove too long ;
The night seemed like the day !
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old ;
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold :—

Old visions haunt the creaking floors—
Old sorrows sit and wail ;—
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly bailiffs rail !
Old visions haunt the floor above :
The walls with wrinkles frown ;
And people say, who pass that way,
'T were well the house were down.

THE WAYS OF HEAVEN.

SECRET are the ways of Heaven,
Yet to some great aim they tend ;
Often some affliction given
Proves a blessing in the end ;
Let no vain impatient gesture
Question the diviner will,
But in Faith's immortal vesture
Wait thy mission—and be still.

That which is the deepest sorrow
Often proves the inmost good ;
They who build upon to-morrow
Build on ground not understood :
Lose not then thy trust in Heaven,
Take its counsels like a friend ;
Often some affliction given
Proves *affection*—in the end !



'T WAS JUST BEFORE THE HAY WAS MOWN.

'T WAS just before the hay was mown,
The season had been wet and cold ;
When my good dame began to groan,
And speak of days and years of old :
Ye were a young man then,—and gay,—
And raven black your handsome hair ;
Ah ! Time steals many a grace away,
And leaves us many a grief to bear.

Tush ! tush ! said I, we've had our time,
And if 't were here again 't would go ;
The youngest cannot keep their prime,
The darkest head some gray must show.
We've been together forty years,
And though it seem but like a day,
We've much less cause, dear dame, for tears,
Than many who have trod life's way.

Goodman, said she, ye're always right,
And 't is a pride to hear your tongue ;
And though your fine old head be white,
'T is dear to me as if 't were young.
So give your hand—'t was never shown
But in affection unto me ;
And, I shall be beneath the stone—
And lifeless—when I love not thee.

THE VOICE OF THE MORNING.

THE voice of the morning is calling to childhood,
From streamlet, and valley, and mountain, it calls,
And Mary, the loveliest nymph of the wild wood,
Is crossing the brook where the mill water falls.
Oh ! lovely is Mary, her face like a vision

Once seen leaves a charm that will ever endure ;
From her glance and her smile there beams something elysian :

She has but one failing—sweet Mary is poor.

Her bosom is white as the hawthorn, and sweeter ;
Her form light and lovesome, as maiden's should be ;
Her foot like a fairy's—yet softer and fleeter—

Oh ! Mary, the morn hath no lily like thee.
But narrow and low hangs the roof of her dwelling,
Her home it is humble, her birth is obscure ;
And though in all beauty and sweetness excelling,
She wanders neglected—for Mary is poor.

Yet, oh ! to her heart mother Nature hath given
The kindest affections that mortal can know ;
She loves every star that sheds radiance in heaven,
She worships the flowers as God's image below.
Ah ! sad 't is to think that a being resembling
The fairest in beauty, such lot should endure,
But the dews that like tears on the lilies are trembling,
Are types but of Mary—for Mary is poor.

A M O M E N T.

'T IS the breath of a moment—which no one
regardeth—

That holdeth the key to each secret of life ;

'T is "*a moment*" that oft our long watching rewardeth,

And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife ;

Its breath may seem nothing—and yet 't is extending

A power the sublimest our being can know,

A moment may yield us a bliss without ending—

A moment consign us to darkness and woe !

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages

May crown as immortal, and hallow its birth ;

A moment may question the wisdom of sages,

And change the whole system and science of earth.

A moment—the soul of the painter can feel it—

It thrills thro' his frame with a spirit like fire ;

A moment—oh ! once let the *gifted* reveal it,

And heaven is short of the height 't would aspire.

Go ask of the hero when victory soundeth:

What glory a moment of time may command ;

Ask the home-seeking sailor, while fast his heart

boundeth,

How sweet is the moment he views his own land :

Ask the lover, when whisper to whisper replieth

In accents that tremble lest lips be o'erheard ;

And oh ! they will tell you each moment that dieth

Hath crowded eternity oft in a word.

M I R T H .

SEE the merry village train,
By the fields of golden grain,
Wreathed with flowers and ribands gay,
Speed the rush-cart on its way !
Dancing, sporting, leaping, singing,
Bells and glittering cymbals ringing ;
Frolic, mirth, and laughter loud
Gather 'neath that Climber proud,
Up the pole to gain the crown.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! he's down ! he's down !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! he's down ! he's down !

Jocund thought and sportive jest
Cheer each aged rustic's breast ;
Many an earlier feat is told—
Many a prank among the bold—
Former spirits—olden might—
When their hearts and heels were light !
See, ha ! ha ! the race of sacks—
Half the jumpers on their backs—
Three—now two—contest the crown.
Ha ! ha ! ha ! they both are down !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! they both are down !

GIVE ME A FRESHENING BREEZE.

GIVE me a fresh'ning breeze ahead,
While swift the broad prow dips ;
While far and wide the foam is spread,
And salt is on our lips :
Like wingéd steeds the billows leap,
Their white manes dashed with brine ;
Hurrah ! there's nothing like the deep,
Where'er the sun may shine.

Where'er the sun may shine, my boys,
There's nothing like the sea ;
The spirit never soars so high,
The heart ne'er bounds so free,
As when the briny billows bear
With giant arms the ship :
I seem e'en now to taste the air
Of freedom on my lip !

Of freedom on my lip, my boys,
The dash, the foam, the spray ;
The chorus of the elements,
Rough sounding on their way :
The laughing surges on our lee,
Careering in their mirth :
Hurrah ! one hour upon the sea
Is worth a year on earth.

A VIOLET.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair,
But oh ! her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beside her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command,
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song !

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene and sweet ;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet.

PAST THE HOUR.

SURE, I've sought the gate so long,
E'en the hedges know me ;
Birds laugh at me in their song,—
Streams reflect and show me !
Not a flower that smiles so sweet,
Seems my grief to soften ;
E'en the meadow hates my feet,
I've been there so often !
But if e'er I pass this way—
Meet her on a future day—
May I——hush ! yet stay,—yet stay,
Don't I hear her coming ?

Coming ? No, 't was but the trees,—
Night and storm are coming ;
E'en the very wasps and bees,
Mock me with their humming !
Vowed she not, by all that's just,—
All that's true, she'd meet me ?
And 't is thus she wrongs my trust,—
And 't is thus she'd cheat me !

But if e'er again I'm cast
In such meshes as the past,
May I——'t is *her step at last!*—
Now, *indeed*, she's coming!

Oh! my love! my life's delight!
Treasure of my being!
All my sorrow's put to flight,
Thee, my sweet one, seeing!
Yet, how could'st thou keep me here,
Heart and spirit failing?
How?—but, no! we'll have no tear,—
'T is no time for railing;
For, despite thy wayward freaks
Still my heart in rapture speaks,—
'T would stay waiting twenty weeks,
But to see thee coming!



THE COTTAGE WINDOW.

SITTING at the cottage window
Gazing on the myrtle bloom,
Whilst the summer daylight dying
Mantles hill and vale with gloom :
Colder falls the starry evening,
Darker grows the narrow room ;
Still she lingers at the casement
Gazing on the myrtle bloom.

Sudden, like a rose she blushes,
Angel light is in her glance,
Neck, and brow, and bosom, flushes,
As a step doth quick advance :
Sudden, pale as any moonlight
Falling on a wintry shore,
Fadeth cheek, and brow, and bosom,
As that step is heard no more.

"Never love nor hope," she sayeth,
"If a breaking heart ye fear ;
"Every blush of love betrayeth—
"Every breath of hope's a tear !"
Thus, unto herself, she moaneth,
List'ning 'mid the deep'ning gloom ;
Sitting at the cottage casement,
Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom.

SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can!

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

I.

AWAY to the Alps ! for the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois, in his rock-vaulted lair.
From valley to mountain, see !— swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—the shaft from the bow.
Nor chasms, nor glaciers, their firmness dismay ;
Undaunted they leap, like young leopards at play ;
And the dash of the torrent sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of a friend to the wanderer's ear.

II.

They reckon not the music of hound or of horn—
The neigh of the courser—the gladness of morn.
The blasts of the tempest their dark sinews brace ;
And the wilder the danger, the sweeter the chase.
With spirits as strong as their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed, in the joy of their might :
Till eve gathers round them, and silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—the wild hunters sleep.

OPEN HEARTED.

IF you wish to be happy at home,
Then your heart to that wish is the door—
Keep it open—and angels may come,
And enter, and dwell evermore !
O'er each feeling a ray will be cast,
As if lit by some magical gem ;
You will think you've found Heaven at last,
But the angels have brought it with them.

Keep it open—and friendship and love—
And happiness—all will be thine :
A gleam of Elysium above !
A spark of the spirit divine !
Keep it shut—and then Pride will have birth,
And Envy—and all we condemn ;
You will think you've perdition on earth,
Pride and Envy have brought it with them.

The world will seem colder each day ;
'T is an image those demons but throw,
Cast your pride and your envy away—
And the world's seeming coldness will go.
Oh ! 't is well to be happy at home,
And to *this* your own heart is the door ;
Keep it open and angels may come
And enter, and dwell evermore.

THE SAILOR.

WHEN Tom left the Village so loved was his
name,
So manly his form, and so honest his fame,
So worthy his heart, that though longing to roam,
'Till his poor mother died he struck true to his home ;
While *she* needed *him*, no temptation could move
His hand from his duty—his heart from her love—
Though he longed for the life of a Sailor.

But when the last sun-ray had set o'er her grave,
Tom left the old village to sail the broad wave ;
His purse was but light, for as long as a friend
Asked assistance from Tom, it was his to the end :
And a nobler, a better, a braver than he
Never sailed on the breast of the billowy sea,
Nor followed the life of a Sailor.

But time hastened on, and four years slipped away,
When late in the spring, just at close of the day,
Our Sailor came home, but we saw with a sigh
That poor Tom had returned to the village to die ;
Still he spoke with a smile of the perils he'd passed,
And his heart's dying beat was still brave to the last,
And we buried, with tears, our poor Sailor.

But again—ere a month past—that grave was unclosed,
And the Rose of the Village within it reposed ;
Since the hour Tom returned she had altered each day,
As he faded—*she* withered—and sorrowed away ;
And her last breath implored, as it fluttered and died,
That in peace she might rest, like a bride, by his side,
And her heart be in death with her Sailor.

THERE'S A CHARM.

THERE'S a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood ;—
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil, or for good !
We forget that charm beguiling—
Which the voice of sorrow drowns—
Smiles can oft elicit smiling !
Frowning can engender frowns !

There's a temper quick in sowing
Care, and grief, and discontent ;
Ever first and last in showing
More in words than language meant :
Ever restless in its nature
Until sorrows set their seal
On each pale and fretful feature,
And the hidden depth reveal.

If a smile engender smiling,
If a frown produce a frown,
If our lip—the truth defiling—
Can the rose of life cast down :
Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,
Useless anger to forego :
And bring smiles, like flowers around us,
From which other smiles may grow.

DARKNESS UPON THE SEA.

DARKNESS upon the sea,
Wildly the billow rolls ;\nStar of Eternity,
Shine thou upon our souls :
We from our homes are far—
Perils surround our way,
Shine thou eternal star—
Save us, we pray !

Dear is our distant land,
Home and its hopes divine ;
Send thine almighty hand—
Star of Life, shine !
Thou, that canst calm the sea,
Wild as the billows rave ;
Star of Eternity,
Light thou,—and save !

VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

TAPPING at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind ;—
'T is really most surprising,
He *never* learns to mind !
'T was only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked me sharply,
"Pray, Mary, who is that ?"
Who's that ? indeed !—you're certain
How much she made me start ;
Men seem to lose their wisdom
Whene'er they lose their heart !

Yes,—there he is,—I see him ;
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtained window :
He's stepping on his toes !
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din ;
A knock, though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in !
Tap ! tap !—would any think it ?
He never learns to mind ;
'T is surely most surprising,—
He thinks my mother blind !

'T is plain I *must* go to him ;
It's no use *now* to cough ;—
I'll ope the door, just softly,
If but to send him off !
'T is well if from the door-step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh ! men, there ne'er was trouble
Till ye came in the world !
Tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind ;
Oh ! man, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find !

THE SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

THE ships !—the ships of England ! how gallantly
they sweep
By town and city, fort and tower,—defenders of the
deep !
We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty walls
of stone ;
Our warlike castles breast the tide—the boundless
sea's their own !

The ships!—the ships of England! What British
heart is cold

To the honour of his native isle, to the deathless
deeds of old?

From quenched Armada's vaunted power, to glorious
Trafalgär,—

From Philip to Napoleon—when set Britannia's star?

The ships!—the ships of England! Where'er the
surges roar,—

Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East-Indian
shore—

Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry
breezes play—

The flag of England floats alone, and triumphs on
her way!

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our
vessels glad the view;

The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays
his swift canoe:

The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each
distant sail

Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight
pale.

Oh, wives, that love your cottage-homes! Oh, maids,
that love the green!

And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs, a freeborn
grace is seen,—

Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and freedom
 lend,
And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale
 ascend !

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless
 seamen know,
When thunders rattle overhead, and billows plunge
 below ;
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some
 funereal strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful
 main !

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck their
 dauntless breast,
While ye smiled o'er the social fire, or found the
 balm of rest !
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled
 vulture caught,
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's
 sweet pleasures sought !

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those who
 brave the sea,
And peril life that ye may live, and still prove fair
 and free :
Amidst your harvest-fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer
 prevail :—
“ God guard the ships of England, o'er whatever sea
 they sail !”

M A R Y .

THE graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form,
And gift the mind of Mary :
There 's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral ;
Her mouth—'t is Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral !

She 's like the key-stone to an arch
That consummates all beauty ;
She 's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty !
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her ;
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her !

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection ;
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection ;
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary !

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No birds could ere surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 't is believed she has them !
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes *winter* vernal ;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal.

THE COQUETTE.

WHATSOEVER she vowed *to-day*,—
Ere a week had fled away
She 'd refuse me !
And shall I her steps pursue,—
Follow still,—and fondly woo ?—
No !—excuse me !

If she love me,—it were kind
Just to teach her *her own mind* ;
Let her lose me !
For no more I'll seek her side,—
Court her favour,—feed her pride :
No !—excuse me !

If in idle, vain display,
She can cast my love away,
And thus use me ;

For a fickle heart at best,
Shall I grieve and lose my rest ?—
No !—excuse me !
Let her frown,—frowns never kill ;
Let her shun me if she will,—
Hate,—abuse me ;—
Shall I bend 'neath her annoy ?
Bend,—and make my heart her *toy* ?
No !—excuse me !

T H E S N O W .

THE silvery snow !—the silvery snow !—
Like a glory it falls on the fields below ;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere ;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow ;
Oh ! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow !
The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost ;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime !—
A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain
But, ah ! like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears.

LOVE GIFTS.

I 'VE brought thee spring roses,
Sweet roses to wear,
Two buds for thy bosom
And one for thy hair ;
I've brought thee new ribands
Thy beauty to deck,
Light blue for thy love-waist,
And white for thy neck !

Oh, bright is the beauty
That wooes thee to-night ;
But brighter affection,
And lasting as bright !
I've brought thee, what's better
Than ribands or rose—
A heart that will shield thee
Whatever wind blows !

'T is gladness to view thee,
Thus beaming and gay ;
And walking in sweetness
As if thou wert *May* !
The spring of thy being
As lovely to see ;
And, oh ! what's diviner,
Affianced to me !

I WILL NOT GIVE MY HEART AWAY.

I WILL not give my heart away ;
 I am too proud, I don't deny it ;
 And so, whatever you may say,
 I will not give it—you must buy it !
 It is not gold—it is not land—
 Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree ;
 But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
 I'll tell you what the price shall be !

And first, the House,—I'd have it good ;
 And furnished nobly, of the best !—
 Its inward worth well understood,
 Its soundness equal to the test !
 I'd have it warm in every part ;
 In every trial, firm as well ;
 If that House is to be your Heart,
 And in that Heart I am to dwell !

Oh ! some with *counterfeits* will try,
 Before with Love's true gold they'll part ;
 They think, but once deceive the eye,
 'T is easy to deceive the heart !
 But with no counterfeits, though new,
 And bravely gilt, will I be caught ;
 Though glittering brighter than the true,
 With no such coin will I be bought,

Give me the heart that 's rich in worth,
Although in worldly riches poor ;
The want of fortune upon earth
Is not the worst want we endure !
The want of feeling—temper—trust—
The want of truth, when hearts are sought,
Gold, *linked to these*, is worse than dust,
With no such gold will I be bought.

No : 't is not gold—it is not land—
Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree ;
But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
I've told you what the price shall be.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

DAY on the mountain, the beautiful Day,
And the torrent leaps forth in the pride of
his ray ;
The chamois awakes from her wild forest dream,
And bounds in the gladness and life of his beam ;
And the horn of the hunter is sounding,—away !
Light, light on the hills—'t is the beautiful day !

Day in the valley,—the rivulet rolls
Cloudless and calm as the home of our souls ;
The harvest is waving, and fountain and flower
Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour ;
And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay,
Proclaim through the valley—Day ! beautiful Day !

Oh, solemn and sad his far setting appears,
When the last ray declines, and the flowers are in
tears,—
When the shadows of evening like death-banners
wave,
And darkness encloses the world like a grave ;
Yet, the sun, like the soul, shall arise from decay,
And again light the world with Day, beautiful Day !







